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THERE IS NO NIGHT

BY IRA EDMUND STANFORD

THERE IS NO NIGHT

AND OTHER VERSE

Written and Assembled by

IRA EDMUND STANFORD

Author of

"Wayside Gleanings," "Service,"
"A Royal Success," "Texts,"
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INTERROGATION

Oh! dust of earth!
  Touched by the leven
Which was and is:
  The Word in heaven,
Whence art thou? Lo!
  Whither dost thou go?

Behold! The Father in the son
Promise and pledge fulfilled in one.

A PILGRIM

COMMITMENT

Through the panoramic vicissitudes and associations of a half century, seeing, hearing, touching, and tasting the real things that constitute a human life, I have studied and observed with keenest scrutiny, from hovel and hut, from classroom, prison, and mart, the desires, ambitions, achievements and destinies of men.

Having elbowed with those tossed on billows of adversity—gored by the horns of disappointment in both affection and finance—yea, having been permitted to grasp the hand and stay the thought of *some* standing on the very pinnacle of despair imploring the bodkin or other agent of the unknown and meanwhile having sought diligently for the well spring—probed for the secret touch, the "modus operandi" of building great character; I have an incurable pursuasion that every man under normal dome is born with a faculty (latent or ignored) which possesses him

with an innate ability not only to recognize but to pass judgment upon all acts of right and wrong as pertains to his own character.

If he will follow with unfaltering alacrity the dictations from within, not allowing himself to become dwarfed, biased, or pigmied by strained commercialism, false teaching, and evil association, he will, regardless of place, color, or condition, countersuggestion or whatsoever, ultimately pass judgment on his own acts—determine his own destiny, and attain unto perfect happiness and abiding peace.

It is my further conviction that if every man were scrupulously honest and box-toed with himself—going forth to bailiff with all alacrity every minute verdict of his internal court—the heart, ego, eclesia, mind, or will, the most coveted goal, the wildest ambition, and highest ideals would become immediate realities. Straightway universal justice would prevail, and the utopian age would be transformed from the misty, intangible, far-off dream into a glorious, opulent present reality.

THERE IS NO NIGHT

To all who are passing through trials of privation, discouragements, anxiety, disappointments, agonies with lingering doubts and nagging fears—you have an anchor which is sure and steadfast within you. It (the truth) shall be in you a well of water springing up unto everlasting life. Thus anchored, we shall possess the grandeur of independent integrity, the sublimest thing in all nature.

Now, to all such and to the many friends who have desired a copy of "There Is no Night" after much thought mingled with serious meditation, I affectionately submit this little booklet with the full hope that you—studying to show yourself approved unto good, may learn the secret of happiness in service, grasp the author's interpretation of living truth and behold your light.

Most sincerely committed,

IRA EDMUND STANFORD.

THERE IS NO NIGHT

Old! Growing old! Aye, can it be?
Man not born for eternity?
Dons he the cradle labeled old
To swiftly pass like tales he's told,
Doth bended form, do tresses gray
Bespeak thee more than closing day?
Yon orb of light doth steal away
To but clothe vales in vestures gray,
Think you the tints on crests between
Can rob one whit of splendent sheen?
Not sobs, nor tears, nor any plight
Can stay his irresistless flight.
Long shadows fall from cottage old,
Blank night creeps on. Blank? I behold
In fancy wild, the grizzled shrouds

Which wrap the clay of myriad crowds,
I scan the bier, that reckoned spouse
Of all who 'proach the narrow house.
The wailing wind brings woeful tone
That chills the marrow in my bone.
Doth coy man tread the mystic deep
Whence strangely soon there's none
to weep?
What! One step bare and one that's shod,
Then fold our mantles 'neath the sod?
Strange sounds are heard at dead of night
When some lone soul is taking flight.
I list once more, I strain my sight,
To hear no voice and catch no light.
It stays my thoughts, they trouble so,
Those horrid doubts of long ago.
A grassy knoll, prepared place
For faith and zeal in such a race?
A home like that, down twixt the pines

THERE IS NO NIGHT

Its walls bedecked with moss and vines?
Think you Omnicience ever could
Forsake the things he once called good?
Justice defies the demon's thrust
That men, like worms, return to dust.
I reaffirm; it must be right,
That unto man THERE IS NO NIGHT.
That awful thought o'erwhelms my brain
'Til body rent and racked with pain
Upstarts as from its wanton dreams
To hail once more, perchance what seems
A fiery arm; a missile clasped
With which to break this monster's grasp
'Twas vapored spray across the deep,
A meteor had gone to sleep.
Once more, in darkness all alone,
I felt within, the spirit's groan,
And spectres jeered in boisterous glee
"Lost is your opportunity."

THERE IS NO NIGHT

Beneath the damp and chill of death
I gasped and gasped for one more breath,
By which to hurl the arch foe fear
With "Would to God my Lord were here."
Though pulses fail, my throat would fill,
I whisper yet, "Thy will! Thy will!
I am thy child, for aye shall be,
To such there's no extremity,
Through faith and love Thy face I'd see,
E'en though 'twere through Gethsemane!"
A sheen of light o'ercasts my bed,
A voice speaks, "Hush! He is not dead.
This one great truth believe—aye, know,
Because I live, ye live also.
I am of truth Thy life, Thy breath,
Believe in me. Ne'er taste of death."
I leap upright, dazed in the glow,
I hide my face and bend me low.
A voice within, so firm yet sweet,

THERE IS NO NIGHT

This wondrous message doth repeat.
"There's one great truth I needs must bring,
It is the edict from thy King."
Wring not thy hands, spurn idle tears,
In retrospect of misspent years,
Where lack of zeal has failed to show
To faltering men the God you know.
Arise and do, where man hath trod,
The things I bid for, I am God.
I am in you and you in me
We twain are one eternally,
This doth thy God require of thee,
Live truth for all humanity."
This mandate heed, the voice obey,
Then serve with Him through endless day,
Why sorrowing grope thou thy way?
The darkest hour lies nearest day.
When shadows fall and cables strain,
Through grieving loss or crucial pain,

THERE IS NO NIGHT

We're want to hold unwitting plaint,
  Toward Him who guides, though oft restraint
Be Wisdom's way to bring about
  The good of man from inside out.
Should I bechide "It's God's own way
  Permitting night to follow day?"
Strong dwells the God of Love in thee
  To lead and shape thy destiny.
The voice within thou shalt obey,
  With him is life, the truth, the way,
His star appears. The truth is born,
  That darkened men may reach the morn.
The sun is risen! There is no night,
  Brother, fear-tossed, behold *thy* light.

REFINING

To everyone in life
  There comes some testing time,
A day to try the soul
  As ne'er before;
When character rises
  To heights sublime,
Or failing, it falls
  Perchance to rise no more.

MY CARPENTER

I know we are building
As we journey along by the way;
Each thought is a nail driven
In timbers that cannot decay.
At last when we've finished
Be it loathsome, majestic, or gay
It shall be returned to us
Just as we willed and built it today.

A PILGRIM'S CAMP

*AN EXECUTIVE ODE

Where justice reigns in any fight,
  Whatever is is always right.
Staid He the hand that would defeat
  To cast the world now at thy feet?
Dear chosen voice, whate'er betide,
  A loyal host is at thy side.
No North, no South, no East, no West,
  You are our country's barred breast
With sword unsheathed as her behest
  To avenge the wrongs of God's oppressed.
Since justice now is our delight,
  Whatever is, is always right.
The blood this awful scourge has shed

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*Dedicated and addressed to the Chief Executive of the United States of America on March tenth, nineteen seventeen at the close of one of the keenest political campaigns in a half century and at a time when war clouds bulked ominous and the roar of cannon and shell were continental.

AN EXECUTIVE ODE

Cries for revenge from cursed dead.
The Oppressor's clan now hides its face
Through consciousness, needless disgrace.
Great God who doth the worlds command
Be thou Columbia's brain and hand.
Unto her sons wisdom ordain
Let Justice now thy people reign
That awful scourge of shot and shell
Be cast with all into its hell.
Let Peace with right come on apace
'Till it shall compass every race.
And then, Oh God of love and light,
Where your Son shines there is no night.
When Justice wields the sword of might,
Whatever is, is always Right.

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